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THE DAY OF GREATER NEW YORK.

At noon of the first day of January, 1898, Robert A. Van Wyck will be formally declared Mayor of Greater New York. The event will be historic. It will mark a new epoch in the development of American municipalities. It will be to city government what the adoption of the Federal Constitution was to the government of the nation.

Patriotic and public spirited New Yorkers ought not to look upon this inauguration as in any sense a partisan celebration. The acerbities and antagonisms of the recent campaign should be set aside at the moment of the installation in office of the Mayor of America's peerless metropolis. Vigorous though the campaign was, stoutly as each opposing faction fought the fight for what it thought right, the time is now at hand for all to join in honoring the man whom a majority of the citizens demanded, and the occasion which is without precedent in American history.

Why should not the inauguration of Mayor-elect Van Wyck be made the occasion of a great civic celebration? For the man himself, no pomp or ceremony can add to the honor of the victory already won. But it seems fitting that the creation of Greater New York should be attended by something more than the perfunctory induction of the new Mayor into office. No public celebration could be so great as to be more than the importance of the occasion warrants.

THE REDEMPTION OF GREENBACKS.

There is no law requiring the Government to redeem legal tender notes in gold, and consequently there is nothing to repeal. The Secretary of the Treasury acts under a rule made by his department when he pays gold alone for greenbacks. What the Sun probably means is that the President will ask Congress to enact a law which will supersede this rule.

MOUNT VERNON'S FREAK ACCIDENT.

When illuminating gas was first introduced there was widespread fear that asphyxiation of entire cities would result from the use of the new light. In Europe to this day the middle and lower classes will not use it. This fear advanced America smiles at as on a par with the prejudice against vaccination. But the very thing the frightened conservatives dreaded has actually come to pass—though fortunately the result was not serious. Something went wrong in the gas works of Mount Vernon and the whole city was affected. Prostrations, headaches and nausea were reported from every section, entertainments and gatherings had to be abandoned, and the spectacle was furnished of a town full of people going around holding their noses. It was a most peculiar occurrence, and, though the whole world has been using gas for several generations, one never before reported. Of course the experts explain it, but they do not explain why the same thing on a more serious scale might not happen in any other city, for there is little difference in gas manufactures.

SAVAGE HONOR AND CIVILIZED SENSE.

For weeks the country has been in a state of awed wonderment at the stoical heroism of John Wata, the Creek Indian murderer who went about playing ball with his team although under sentence of death. Nearly every newspaper in the United States has published something about the splendid nerve and savage sense of honor that would bring the young red man to the place of execution to face the firing party. He was unguarded from the time of his trial by his tribe council, and many reflections were made contrasting the course of the doomed Indian on parole with the ordinary white man. Wata was to have been shot yesterday at Bufala Court House, Indian Territory, but instead of the tidings that he had bravely faced his executioners rather than break his word, the news comes that John Wata has disappeared, just like a scrub white man. There may have been a time when a condemned Indian's word was a safe security for his appearance, but that was before the Indian learned to play baseball. Human nature, red or white, is not so different in Indian Territory that it can bear such a strain as that placed on Wata. It would have been gallant and picturesque for him to have appeared for execution, but most people in this prosaic age will agree with the wisdom of Wata's choice.

AN ILLOGICAL CORONER.

The Journal has been honored by the Coroner of Gibson County, Ind., with two copies of his report of the inquest on the body of a drunken miner who was run down by a freight train, and his verdict thereon. The record seems to show that Princeton is a pretty poor place for a miner to work, but the verdict indicates that Coroner Norman is a poor logician.

It appears that the Maule Coal Company, in whose mine the victim worked, follows the thrifty practice of giving such of its employees as desire to draw their wages before the regular fortnightly pay day orders on one Wirtz, a saloon keeper. This benevolent person cashes the orders at 90 cents on the dollar, dividing the profit equally with the coal company. Presumably a fair share of the 90 cents also remains in the saloon keeper's till. Certainly it did in the case of the dead man, who cashed his order, proceeded to get drunk and was straightway killed.

Upon this showing Coroner Norman reached a verdict the gist of which is contained in the following passage:

At the time of his death said Miller was in a drunken condition, and was attempting to board said train while it was in motion; that his attempt to so board said train was due to his then drunken condition; that his said drunken condition was caused by the drinking of drunk-making liquors furnished by John Wirtz and Patrick

Golden, both of said Princeton—said Wirtz and said Golden each maintaining and operating a saloon for that purpose at said city, by authority of the license laws of the State of Indiana; that the responsibility for the untimely death of said Miller rests upon the citizens of the State of Indiana who framed, and authorized the framing of, the said license laws; and who assent to, authorize and uphold the operation of said license laws in the county of Gibson and city of Princeton; and that said citizens of the State of Indiana, by their perverted use of the right of suffrage, are, together with their voluntary agents, the said saloon keepers, guilty of the killing of the said Louis Miller.

We believe it was Edmund Burke who expressed his inability to draw an indictment against a whole people, but the Coroner of Princeton, Ind., confesses to no such weakness. All the citizens of Indiana he declares jointly responsible for this disaster, and all therefore should be indicted and punished. This theory of law properly developed will vastly simplify the problem of crime by making all men criminals. For example, railroads often kill sober men. The State charters railroads. Ergo the State—that is, the body of people who constitute it—is guilty.

It is a pity that this Coroner, instead of wandering off into logical abstractions, did not condemn the coal company for paying off with orders on rummellers and sharing the profit thereon.

THE WORDS OF A PATRIOT.

Every manly and patriotic American will pray that the impressive speech of Hannis Taylor at Cornell University may find a prompt response in Congress next month. Our late Minister to Spain has not been corrupted by the Spanish lobby which is hard at work in this country. His voice is the voice of a statesman and patriot. In many respects he is the highest authority on the Cuban question, and he is a renowned scholar and writer upon constitutional law, accustomed to measure his words. In Madrid he had the full confidence of President Cleveland and Secretary Olney, not to speak of the profound respect which President McKinley is known to have for him.

OUR PROPER LINE OF DEFENCE.

Every agitation of a question affecting the relations of the United States with other countries makes clearer the future line of defence for the great national and international interests of which our Government is the natural guardian. We have no line of attack, and need none, for if we are strong in defence we can so assert and maintain our dignity and our rights that we shall have no occasion for attack.

A VOTE PUZZLE.

The official canvass of the vote of this city shows that Wallace for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals got 15,562 more votes than Tracy for Mayor; Parker got 19,159 more than Van Wyck, and 56,257 ballots were blank, or unmarked for any candidate for the Judgeship, no name being printed in either the Citizens' Union or the Jeffersonian Democracy column.

THE THORN TRIAL A NEW.

There is in this an interesting problem for the arithmetic men. How were the extra votes of Wallace and Parker distributed among candidates for Mayor, and how were the votes of those divided who did not vote for Judge at all? Low received 10,811 more votes than Fairchild on the same ticket, and Fitch received 10,656 more than Tracy.

The trial of Martin Thorn for the murder of William Guiden-suppe will begin again in Long Island City to-day. The aspect of the case has been somewhat changed by the first abortive proceedings, which were broken off by the illness of a juror.

The evidence taken, especially that of Mrs. Nack, excited so much interest that it will make the process of gathering a jury more difficult than before. It appears also to have shifted the line of defence,

and there will be eager anticipation of the threatened testimony of Thorn in his own behalf. It will be the purpose of this to throw the responsibility of the crime upon the woman, as it was the purpose of her testimony to throw it upon the man. This effort of each to cast the guilt upon the other will prevent the interest in this extraordinary trial from flagging.

GERMANY AND THE HAYTIAN REPUBLIC.

Germany is after Hayti to pay an indemnity of \$1,000 a day for the unjust imprisonment of a German citizen, and proposes to enforce her claim. As the big brother in the American family, Uncle Sam's action in the matter is looked for with anxiety. So far Germany has acted entirely within her rights and has not transgressed against the Monroe doctrine she professes to hold in such contempt, and Hayti cannot look to us to protect her against the result of her own error. The United States once had a very similar experience with the black republic. An American citizen named Mevs, who had prospered at Port au Prince, was thrown into a dungeon on a charge of smuggling and kept there twenty days without a hearing, in defiance of treaty rights. The United States demanded for him \$20,000 indemnity. We had to send the Atlanta, with Minister Durham on board, to train his guns on the Haytian capital before the claim was settled. So long as Germany goes no further than we did ourselves we can hardly interfere; if she goes any further, the American eagle may scream at the two-headed bird; but, as evidenced in the Samoan affair, Germany may be trusted to be reasonable while America is watching her.

In addition to the list of wedding presents the Kansas newspapers print a list of the young men who have been refused by the bride. This must necessarily be exasperating to the young women who have accepted some of the cast-off matrimonial material.

For the benefit of those who are engaged in another branch of sport it should be announced that when the cable stated that M. Sauverin was scratched in a duel it didn't mean that he was not permitted to start.

The suggestion that a war with Spain would have the effect of making General Miles the next President of the United States sounds like a shrewd piece of work on the part of the Spanish press agents.

If Columbia College has a proper conception of the proprieties of the occasion it will proceed to indulge in a celebration of the retention of its efficient executive head.

Hon. Edward O. Wolcott, Summer tourist and Bimetallite Commissioner, is now engaged in the difficult task of trying to tell President McKinley something he doesn't know.

It appears there are bank directors in Chicago who refuse to recognize Comptroller Ecker's great ability as a financier. This has all the appearance of rank heresy.

If the knife exercise now in progress among the Ohio Republicans doesn't produce an improvement in Sheffield's leading product all judges of the theory of supply and demand will have missed their guesses.

An Oklahoma man was struck in the eye by a flying chip and lost his sight. The press dispatches neglected to state the denomination of the chip.

Statehood for the Metropolis.

The talk of a State of Manhattan to be carved from the State of New York is but the natural outgrowth of the continued and persistent interference of the country district in the purely local affairs of the great metropolis. For a number of years there has been more or less disconnected talk in the direction of the segregation of New York City.

This division would have a population of 3,000,000 in the new State, and 2,000,000 in the old, so that both would still be in the very first class. The trouble experienced in New York City has been duplicated in many of the large cities of the country. While there is nothing for which an American fights more sturdily than the principle of home rule, there is at the same time nothing which he foregoes so carelessly as home rule as applied to the city in which he lives.—Denver Evening Post.

Home Rule for Great Cities. The proposed action in New York foreshadows what is likely to be very common in the history of this country. The great cities, resenting being opposed and sat upon by the country districts, or vice versa, will resolve themselves into separate commonwealths. Such a policy, by largely increasing the number of political offices, will become popular on that account, if for no other reason, but it will relieve the country districts from political oppression by the cities, or it will relieve the cities, according as one may be able to dominate the other.—New Orleans Picayune.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

They Can't Be Driven Off. To the Editor of the Journal: The Bridge belongs to the people. We paid for it, and we own it. The admission of the trolley and elevated roads to it was of doubtful wisdom, but the acceptance of the plan which made the trolley companies the controlling factor in the Bridge is absolutely criminal. I wish you could drive them off it altogether, but it is too late for that now. But do fight to make them keep within the bounds of safety. Brooklyn, Nov. 18. L. M. PURDY.

It Will Be Fought to the End. To the Editor of the Journal: Please push your fight against the intruding of the Bridge to the limit. We Brooklynites come to New York to see, to live, not to be murdered. Brooklyn, Nov. 18. J. C. ANDERSON.

Can the Corporations Wait? To the Editor of the Journal: If you can stop the trolley corporations from using the Bridge as they wish, regardless of the rights or needs of the public, you will confer an incalculable benefit on the people of the two cities. But can you? Corporations have ways of getting what they want in this country, that even a great newspaper cannot defeat. New York, Nov. 18. S. C. PERKINS.

Show Them No Quarter. To the Editor of the Journal: The real wickedness and abomination of the trolley outrage on the Bridge springs from the fact that human life is to be menaced without need. If the trolley companies were able to say that only by the system they have adopted could they cross the Bridge at all, these might be reason to consider whether they should be stopped. But they admit they can carry their tracks as to avoid any serious danger to life. Only the desire to save money and swell their profits. Interests to prevent their adopting a decent and a safe system. Therefore, I say, fight them—to the bitter end. The corporations which will not only rob, but murder the people, ought to be shown no quarter. L. M. BALDWIN. New York, Nov. 18.

Eugene Higgins Is Envied by Dudedom.

ENVY gnaws at the heart of every poor chappie that thinks of the opulence and the indolence of Eugene Higgins. Now I don't know whether Mr. Higgins is indolent or not, but he owns one of the finest yachts afloat, and that in itself is ground enough for other members of dudedom to charge him with some such crime as indolence. You see, a chappie that never gets aboard a yacht except at the invitation of some other chappie is always monstrously unjust to the chappie that has a yacht and doesn't take him aboard of it. Mr. Higgins is rather exclusive in his social habits and rather particular as to whom he invites to share the luxuries of the palatial Varuna.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he has as many critics among gentlemen asprising to his hospitality as he has admirers among "we have shared it."

All this leads up to the announcement that Mr. Higgins will start off at the end of this week on the Varuna for a short cruise of some six or eight weeks. Just exactly where he will go in that time he has not divulged, but certain people who claim to know all about other people's affairs say that he will run across the Atlantic and back again. Mr. Higgins is to take a party of twelve people with him, carefully selected for the occasion.

That they will have a good time, nobody that has ever been aboard the Varuna can doubt for a moment. Mr. Higgins built his yacht for good times. In the scheme of her construction nothing that could be in any way arranged for

comfort was forgotten. When Mr. Higgins puts on his yachting togs and goes aboard the Varuna he becomes at once monarch of a little kingdom that is complete in every detail.

If Mr. Higgins wants to play sailorman he has all the appurtenances for the game. If he would be a pugilist he has a room constructed especially for pugilistic exercise. If he would divert himself with fencing, he has another room fitted up with foils and shields and masks. If he would play at cards, all the paraphernalia is at hand in another apartment. If he would lounge in Oriental luxury the means are at his immediate command. If he would do anything that the ordinary mortal regards as a thing of pleasure, the Varuna furnishes not only the opportunity, but the equipment in the best possible form.

Finally, when tired of pleasure making, if Mr. Higgins would seek rest, he finds it in a four-post antique bed, hung with the costliest silken curtains. Here he can woo sweet slumber until it knits up his ravelled sleeve of care; or, if he is not successful in this wooing, he can press a button and obtain on the instant any or all of those things that make waking hours endurable. Chappie-dom knows all this. It is therefore keen to obtain invitations to share it. It is also excited when it is that Mr. Higgins and the Varuna are just now topics of conversation in club corners, with criticism predominating praise, for, by the very nature of things, more people are anxious to get aboard the Varuna than the Varuna's master could possibly accommodate.

And yet there is no criticism so accurate that it cannot be forgotten in the general desire that the forthcoming cruise of the Varuna may be successful in all that comfort or pleasure could desire. This is the tribute that Chappie-dom pays to one of its most fortunate as well as one of its most popular members.

J. Seaver Page, who is known throughout the pigeon shooting world as "Pagey, old boy," will appear in a new role to-morrow afternoon, when he will give his daughter, Miss Helen Clifford Page, in marriage to Mr. Arthur Wheeler Francis. The ceremony will be celebrated in St. Bartholomew's Church, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. R. Mott Lumber, at No. 131 Madison avenue.

Mr. Francis gave his farewell bachelor dinner last Saturday night at the University Club, where he entertained Louis W. Francis, who is to be his best man, and Howard C. Smith, Franklin Plummer, R. Clifford Black, Jr., Theodore Taft, T. Louis Slade, Lloyd Van de Venter, Carroll Perry, Edwin Holmes and Vanderpool Adriance, who are to be his ushers.

Francis is a promising young gentleman, and Miss Page is a lovely young lady, but no small part of the interest that centres in this wedding is due to "Pagey, old boy," the proud papa of the occasion.

Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge is in town for the Winter at her home, No. 72 East Thirty-fourth street, which was occupied last year by the John R. Drexels, who lately sailed for the Orient on their yacht. Mrs. Dodge is now in the second year of her mourning for her husband, who died in October, 1896, at their country seat, "Weston," and although she has returned to town, it is not likely that she will go in for entertainment even of the charity kind, for which she was formerly so conspicuously noted.

Years ago Mrs. Dodge used to carry the weight of the annual Christmas doll sale almost entirely on her own shoulders, and devoted most of her time in the Summer to the dressing of dolls for that purpose. Her interest has not ceased in the sale of dolls, and it is probable that she may take part in the sale at Sherry's on next Saturday, the proceeds of which will be devoted as usual to the Jewel Day Nursery, which was established by Mrs. Dodge as a memorial to her little daughter.

A Check and a Husband.

"O. H. do tell me something new," cried the young woman in the English top coat, "I have a cold in my head and a milliner's bill in my pocket, so it will be a mercy to divert my mind."

"Well, I have some lovely samples here," said the girl with the baby smile; "if you care to look at them, I—" "No, I don't," snapped the young woman in the English top coat, "do you suppose I would be asking you to divert my mind if I had any money to spend? Why, I'd be in the shops this minute, instead—" "So you would," returned the girl with the baby smile, tranquilly. "Well, let me see, I haven't seen you since I had all that trouble at the bank, have I?" "Indeed you have not! Tell me all!" "No, of course, I haven't. I've been too busy since. Well, it was Tuesday morning, and I wanted some money very much, so I waited until papa was ready to catch his train, to ask him for some—" "Of course, you did. Why, I suppose that Eve?" "Did exactly the same thing when she needed a fresh supply of gold leaves or apples? Very likely. Well, contrary to

Literary Funny Men Look for a Leader.

IT SEEMS to me that it is about time to see in the East signs of the approach of some new and essentially American humorist. For the first time in our history since the appearance of the "Squibb Papers" we find ourselves without any great humorous writer, for it must be remembered that Mark Twain has become intentionally serious. It was E. L. Hart, who founded the "Squibb Papers," who has since become known as the American school of humor. Artemus Ward was his legitimate successor, and after him came Mark Twain, and then Bill Nye, and since Nye's death we have had no leader.



Empty Is the Chair.

Of course, during that period of our literary history in which the men I have named flourished, there have been many finer writers who have won their fair share of renown and in certain instances have exerted a distinct influence over contemporaneous letters. George T. Lantieri, for example, one of the truest of American humorists and a satirist of fine calibre, is almost forgotten to-day, though his imitations may be numbered by the score. The "Danbury Newsman," whose real name I believe was Bailey, founded, if not a school, a sect of his own and had a numerous following of disciples whose fame was indissolubly linked with that of the newspapers for which they wrote. Thus it came to pass that the sayings of the "Old City Derriek Man," the "Norristown Herald Man" and the "Omaha Bumble Bee Man" gained wide currency and popularity. Just now the woods are full of minor humorists, but I look in vain for one who may be termed the leader of his class.

Can it be that Mr. J. K. Bangs, of Franklin square, is the principal American humorist? This is, indeed, food for solemn speculation.

Were I an author making a bid for fortune and fame, I should very much hate to be handicapped by such a name as Waterloo, which, as every one knows, has come to be a synonyme of defeat. A thoroughly well-chosen name that commands the attention of the casual reader is worth several "scarce heads" to any rising young author and helps to accelerate his rise as few other things can do, except genius. Mr. Stanley Waterloo, however, does not believe in the hoo-doo of names, and this is shown in his choice of title for his last book, "The Story of Ab." (Way & Williams, publishers, Chicago). "Ab" is a disagreeable attempt at a word which, besides sticking in the throat, reminds one too forcibly of the ab, bab, bab exercise with which the instructors in young ladies' seminaries drill their pupils for efficiency in labials.

The author begins well enough. "This," he says in his introduction, "is the story of Ab, a man of the Age of Stone, who lived so long ago that we cannot closely fix the date, and who loved and fought well." In this Age of Paper-Mache it is well to go back to the Age of Stone, and it is well in any age to read of the fortunes and misfortunes of a man who "loved and fought well."



Mr. Waterloo's Dream.

From the conventionalities and trivialities and convivialities to plunge again into the forest with the cave man and his mate, whose wants were simple and simply satisfied, to kill and eat, to hunger and be satiated, to swing from bough to bough, as one cannot do now with trousers and gowns and latter-day arms and feet, appeals to the nineteenth century person with a certain savage attraction. I confess I was prepared to be interested in the fortunes of the beautiful female with the matted hair and the arms, "down each of which ran from shoulder to elbow a strip of short dark hair," whose biceps were tremendous and who could climb a tree; and in those of Ab and his young bride, who had to eat their way through the carcass of a huge bear which had become wedged in the entrance of their cave, before they could enter in and settle down to housekeeping. But Ab is almost a goodly-goody Sunday-school boy, whose diet might have been catfishes rather than bear meat, and may not have been our ancestors—that they were Mr. Waterloo is quite sure—must have had wilder lives than any Mr. Waterloo has told about, and one's interest wanes. Mr. Waterloo is not—as the dramatic critic is so fond of saying of his stage people—"convincing," and hereina he has missed his chance.

THE MERRY JESTER.

"And what did papa say?" "Well, I asked him for you and he said: 'Call around in about a month, and I'll try to have her ready.' Now what he meant by that I don't know, but it seems a very queer business, and it must be explained."

"No wonder. What on earth did—" "Oh, I began to cry, and said I'd go for him myself, but they wouldn't let me. I don't know what would have become of me, but just as they were taking me into a private room I saw Mr. Goldie. He—" "Not the rich old widower! Oh, you poor girl! I heard that he admired you so much, and of course this will settle all."

"I did. I called him and he came, almost running. He is one of the directors of that bank, it seems, and I just told him the whole story. He made it all right with those horrid men. I don't know how, and they let me go at once."

"Oh! you must have been glad to go anywhere after that. Even an engagement with the dentist would be a relief after—" "I was. Mr. Goldie drove me home, and on the way he—" "Let you see that it was all over? Well, it was all your own fault. I heard that he was undecided between you and Miss Hunk; she is a Vassar girl and he naturally chose her after—" "Nothing of the kind, dear. He said he felt that I was just the little wife to make a nice, restful companion for a tired business man to come home to. The wedding is set for December."

And the young woman in the English top coat only gasped.

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY. Threatening! weather, light! snow, decidedly colder.